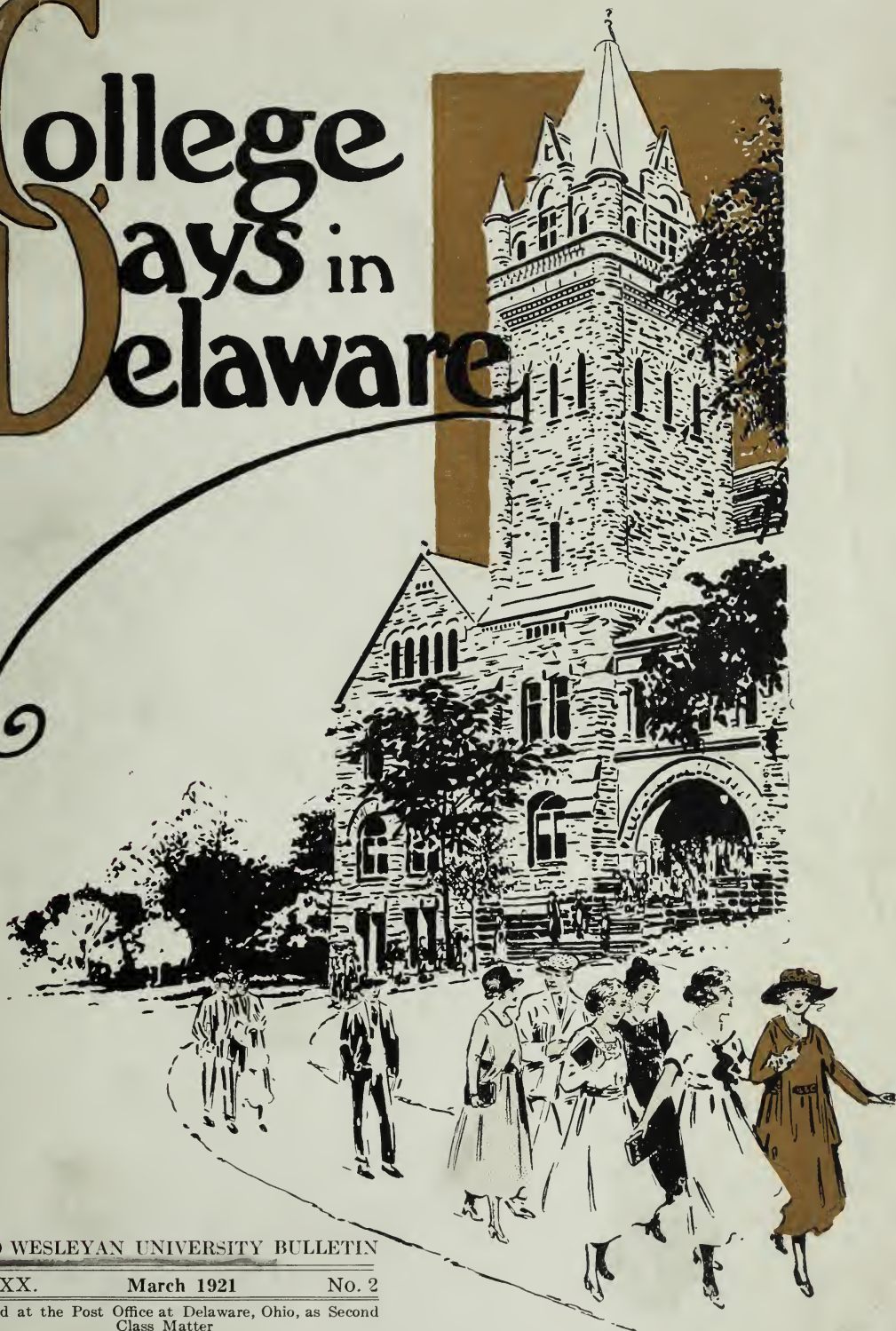


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College Days in Delaware



OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY BULLETIN

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FOREWORD

College days in Delaware! What memories they bring to us who have enjoyed them—what treasures they hold in store for you who anticipate them!

The official catalogue shows that Ohio Wesleyan University has many unusual inducements in its courses of study, equipment and its faculty. But college catalogues to most of us seem pretty much alike, for they cannot tell us of the other thing that makes each college distinctive—the characteristic atmosphere of its campus, which is the product of its traditions and the reflection of the individualities who have helped make its history.

Realizing this fact, an alumnus has furnished the following letters, which tell of undergraduate life, with its daily happenings and its associations, as you will find them at Ohio Wesleyan. It is hoped that they will give you a helpful view of college life in the Middle West, and especially of Ohio Wesleyan University.

You are cordially invited to come to Delaware in person, if you can, and get a first-hand picture of the things herein set forth.

DEAN OF THE COLLEGE,

Ohio Wesleyan University,

Delaware, Ohio.

DEAR TOM:

Things have been happening so fast since I enrolled at Ohio Wesleyan University that I haven't had a chance to write you a word. But now I must tell you about the interclass contests, because I think you will want to take part in them some day yourself.

I have really been too busy to get homesick, though I have been here over three weeks now. Everything is planned to make a fellow feel at home—beginning right at the depot, where a Y. M. C. A. member took me in charge. There were members of two fraternities there, too, each of whom invited me up for a meal, so I could meet their "bunch."

The next day an older student took me around and got me fixed up in all my classes. Friday night, at the Y. M. C. A. stag "get-together," I felt as though I had known the fellows and the professors all my life. There was nothing stiff or formal—even stiff collars were taboo. Every Freshman had a dandy chance to learn all the college songs and yells.

Our class contests have been lively, too. You know it is Ohio Wesleyan tradition that one of the first things on the program every year is the settling of certain "differences of opinion" that are bound to come up between the two lower classes. Of course there isn't anything to it that you would call hazing, but you can imagine that when those Sophs get out those arrogant sounding posters, informing us that they are our lords and masters, we just have to show our sentiments on the matter by disobeying their orders. So experience has proved that, instead of a long siege of guerilla warfare, it is better to bring the argument to a focus in a sportsmanlike way.

The contests began on the second Saturday, up above the dam on the Olentangy, where we had the swimming races and the tug-of-war across the river. Our class had a couple of dandy swimmers, who took five of the ten points in that event. I was one of the twenty men on our team in the tug-of-war, which came next. You can guess how we pulled





when the coach fired his pistol! We had them coming too, at first, but their team-work was better—I have already learned that team-work is a big thing at Ohio Wesleyan. Pretty soon we found our end of the rope was being pulled through the Olentangy—but, of course, we were good enough sports to hold tight, and take our ducking.

But that just whetted our appetite for the pole rush in the afternoon, which is a distinctive Ohio Wesleyan affair. They put an eighteen-foot pole, with six twenty-foot ropes on each side, right in the center of the main football field. With all the men in each class lined up on opposing sides fifty feet from the pole, maybe there wasn't some scramble getting to that pole when the gun cracked. I don't remember much about the rest, for I was too busy helping to get that piece of furniture over on our side and keeping it there. All over the field were little "personal" interviews in the shape of wrestling matches. I lost most of my shirt once but got an old sweater and didn't lose much time getting back into the rush.

It wasn't exactly a kid-glove affair, and yet there wasn't a bit of slugging, and everything was good-natured. The big crowd on the sidelines was just as excited as we were, and seemed to be yelling, but we couldn't hear them out in that mixup. Well, we out-numbered the Sophs so heavily that it wasn't long until the pole was on our side. After the whistle blew, I helped carve our class numerals beneath the line of previous winners on that old scarred pole!

The pole rush counted 15 and the tug 10, so we now had a lead, 20 to 15. But the honors depended on the track meet, on the next Saturday. There was a bunch of high school stars on both teams, and you never saw a prettier meet. You know I was always a pretty fair runner, so after I tried out they saved me for the relay race. I wanted to be in some of the other dashes, but it was lucky I wasn't, for the score was close—so close that when we won the relay it decided the whole meet! That's team-work and head-work, too.



a couple boxes of freshly made fudge.

Later we are to have a formal flag-raising, when we keep our colors for a whole day at the top of the big

Varsity flag-pole. That means that everybody buries the hatchet—but I have already found that there are several dandy fellows among those Sophs, after you get to know them.

I suppose you have heard of the famous Sulphur Spring. Much sentiment and historical tradition centering around it have made it a shrine to Wesleyan people. At Alumni gatherings hundreds of miles away, a jug of its "odorous" waters will often be found on the banquet board. You know, it was because of the spring's healthful qualities that the old Mansion House, later to be the home of the new college, came into existence as a health resort, back in the thirties. Its "flowing bowl" has always been the theme of song and story, and it is said that many a college romance has begun beside its bubbling tide.

In the latter subject I haven't had time to become much interested, but I do know that the spring is a mighty good ducking place, for I was in once myself, and helped give three Sophs an impromptu bath. As you can guess, the bowl was quite a center of attraction for the first few days.

Each Freshman has a little black cap that is always worn by first year men. It is an easy way for us to recognize each other. We wear these caps till the spring vacation, when we can burn them with lots of ceremony. But I believe I will keep mine for my "stunt" book, because I want to remember all the good times it is connected with.

The class contests and the life of these first eventful weeks have made each of us new students loyal to our class. Also, back of that has come a loyalty that I know is to be many times stronger—loyalty to the old college, and the ideals for which she stands—and that is one characteristic I have noted in Ohio Wesleyan men and women.

That night we had a parade—raked up our own band and all. Of course we ended up at Monnett Hall—that's where the girls live. Since they had been

helping out loyally all during the contests they deserved to help celebrate. They were waiting, too, and after we serenaded them awhile they let down

Your Chum, JACK.

A Day on the Campus

DEAR SIS:

I judge from your last few letters that you think college life is made up mostly of good times and doesn't keep me very busy. So I am just going to describe a day on the campus, that you may see it is not only a pretty busy life but a very useful one. I am going to tell you about last Friday, because Friday is always full of interest.

I have three classes on Friday—some days I have more and some less. The first one begins at 7:45 and closes just in time for Chapel. I wish you could be here for Chapel to see the hundreds of students hurrying from the different buildings and from all parts of town to the morning service.

Chapel at Ohio Wesleyan has been a distinctive service from the very beginning, away back in the '40's when there were only two professors and about two score of students. This service "sets the pitch" spiritually and intellectually for the whole day's work. Gray Chapel is an immense auditorium in the form of a quarter circle. Overhead is a colored glass dome from which hangs a large American flag. The students are seated according to classes in various sections, and the faculty, about one hundred in number, faces us on the circular platform.

Lots of those professors bear a national reputation, and some of them have served almost all their lives at Ohio Wesleyan, until their names have become affectionate by-words in college history. It has been the policy of the college to bring into the faculty, men whose records promise leadership in their fields. I have found, too, that every professor and instructor takes an interest in my success, both in and out of the class-room.

President Hoffman enters the Chapel as the final bell rings; the janitors close the doors, the organ prelude ceases and the noisy hum of the assemblage dies away. After the Doxology comes the reading of the notices of the day—club meetings, department notices, announcements of athletic events and the hundred and one items that interest both students and faculty. The last notice calls for a "mass meeting" after Chapel. Fol-

lowing the notices come the Devotional exercises, with a short talk by "Prexy"—

concise, encouraging and constructive, holding our interest from first to last.

One of the





big inspirations in college is just the daily contact with Prexy. He has a frank, wholesome way of discussing life's problems, and the genuine interest he takes in all our activities makes a fellow feel like doing every piece of work just a little bit better. Dr. Hoffman was quite an athlete himself in college days and he hasn't lost a bit of his vigor and enthusiasm; when duties permit, he may be seen watching the teams in their practice from the side lines. Of course I'm no angel, Sis,

but when Prexy talks in that earnest way of his, I feel that it is the most worth-while thing in the world to live a clean, straight-forward life.

The only unfortunate thing about Dr. Hoffman is that we have to share him so much with other communities. Being a forceful speaker, he is in demand for gatherings of all kinds. Prexy is a tireless worker, and an executive for whom others like to work.

After the devotional exercises, the mass meeting began. The President of the Student Body left his seat in the Senior section to take the place of "Prexy" on the platform. The student band struck up the strains of "Delaware the Beautiful" and the Song Leader also came forward. The meeting was to boost the annual debate held Friday evening as a part of the triangular debating schedule. The University believes in intellectual as well as physical excellence, as you can guess when I tell you that we have lost only one debate on the home floor in twenty-two years. Counting debates on foreign floors Wesleyan has a record of forty-five victories out of sixty-nine contests. That will help you understand the keen interest everybody takes in debating.

The head of the Oratory Department made a short speech, followed by talks from the members of the team. (I don't know how that Cheer Leader keeps his balance on the platform with all those gyrations by which he punctuates the college yells). After we gave the team a rousing send-off we finished by singing "Wesleyan Must Win" just as the Chapel bell rang its warning. As we poured out into the main corridor, a song "My Girl's Too Good For You, She's From O. W. U." began, and everybody took up the tune. Yells and more songs seemed to spring from nowhere in particular, lasting until the good natured crowd had scattered in all directions to the classrooms.

Classroom work kept me busy two more hours of the day. When you come to Delaware you must not miss a visit to one of the classrooms. Thoroughness and accuracy are the ideals of Ohio Wesleyan scholarship, and she is proud of the re-





cords her Alumni have made in professional and graduate schools.

The laboratories have an air of painstaking industry that shows that the students there have learned how to study. To them have come many who later became scientists of note, among them the co-inventor of the telephone and the man who is largely responsible for the success of the X-Ray photography.

Whenever I find time, I like to browse around in the big library. It is not often that one has daily access to such a wealth of literature. Almost every table in the big reading room is filled all day. (There is a very capable girl that sits next to me in English class, and she and I have been doing some interesting research work together.)

Besides the literature, there are two very interesting collections given to the University by Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus, a Wesleyan alumnus. One shows the history of the transmission of human thought. In it you will find the methods of writing beginning with the Cuneiform tablets followed by the Papyrus scroll and later manuscripts and books. The other is a Browning Collection in which are a number of books used by Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning with their pencilled notes in the margins and other treasures from the poet's home. A letter to Robert Browning from George Elliott is especially interesting.

Most college work is over by three o'clock, after which come "Gym" and athletics. In the Gymnasium you can find exercises of all kinds, from Indian club drills, boxing and wrestling, to regular circus acrobatics.

During most of the college course Gymnasium work is required.

You remember Edwards Gymnasium no doubt, Sis, for it is known in every Ohio school as the basketball center of the state thru the annual high school basketball tournament for the state championship.

Ohio Wesleyan has a Department of Physical Education that is extremely well organized. Splendid courses in coaching and physical instruction are features of it. Everything is under a well-known physical director who has under him expert coaches for every major sport and leaders for the daily Gym classes.

There are almost a hundred men in my Gym class. After the leader puts us thru a lot of drills and exercises that keeps us "on our toes" we disband into groups for fencing, track work, basketball, etc.

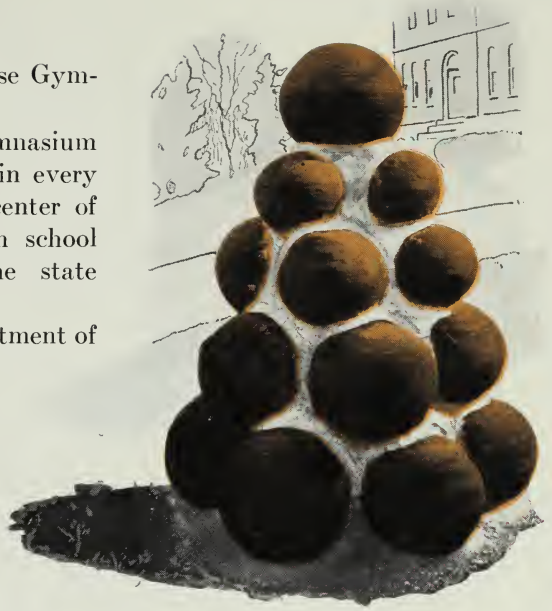
(Later I want to tell you all about the gymnasium and about the athletic history of Ohio Wesleyan.)

A notebook that is due in one of my classes next week kept me busy for the spare time between gymnasium and the dinner hour, which never comes too soon.

With study rules removed on Friday night, everybody looks forward to relaxation. Some of the "fussers" awaited their turns at the 'phone to make dates with the fair ones at the "Sem." But as for me, I joined the group that went down to the weekly Y. M. C. A. "Friday nighter," which began early in order not to conflict with the debate scheduled for 8:15.

The Y. M. C. A. is the college man's practical heart-to-heart way of getting at the basis of religion. I was amazed the first time I attended, Sis, when I found something that was entirely new to me—several hundred men who were fairly eager to tell, simply, what Christianity meant to them. I was glad to know that such a meeting was to be my privilege every week of the year.

The Association takes active part in the social and everyday side of college life. A directory published each semester and a handbook at the beginning of the year are supplied at cost. As for





the Y. M. C. A. secretary—we simply couldn't get along without him. He is everybody's friend; whether you want the time of the next train to Columbus or advice regarding your life work, the little office in Gray Chapel, next door to Prexy's, is the place to go.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting closed just in time for us to hear the band "warming up" in the main auditorium, preparing for the debate. If you had been here you would have sat upstairs, for according to custom, every

girl is seated in the balcony and wears a white middie and red tie. The effect on the visiting speakers is so charming that it is enough to make them forget their speeches then and there.

After the last rebuttal had been made there was an anxious hush as we waited for the votes of the three judges, who were professors from other Universities. Then the decision was announced—two to one—in favor of Ohio Wesleyan—and the cheering that let loose was almost enough to raise the roof!

Every day at Ohio Wesleyan is a busy day, with definite results to be accomplished. Hard and efficient work is combined with profitable play to put us in trim for the "real" game of life.

Your loving brother,

JACK.

DEAR SIS:

I suppose you have heard of the college student who said that "he really hadn't much time to give his lessons because he was too busy with his college work," referring to the numerous organizations outside of the classroom which took his time.

Luckily, that doesn't happen here or anywhere else very often; usually the various clubs, teams, etc., supplement the class-room training by developing executive ability and individuality that help a person to "make good" in life. By cutting us off from these activities when our grades show that studies have been neglected, the faculty sees that the classroom work comes first.

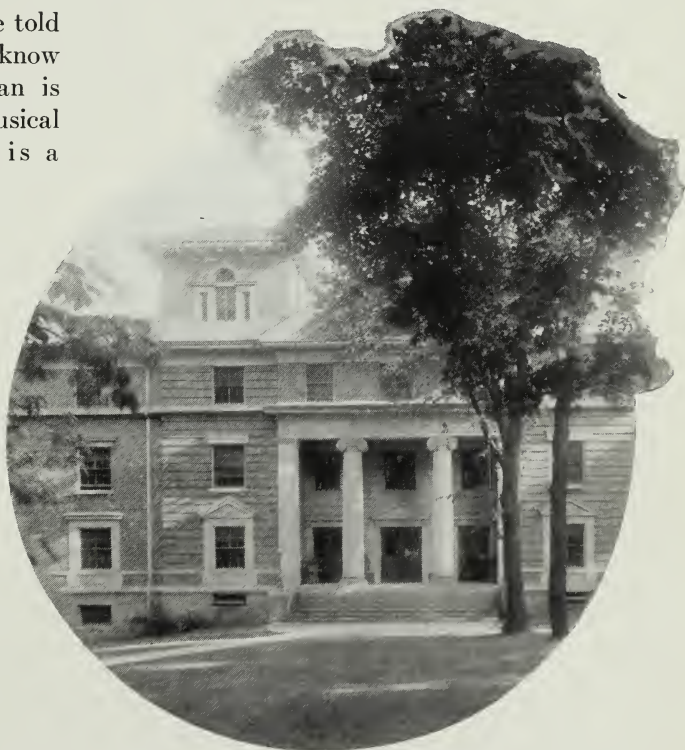
The activities outside the curriculum include those of "student government," athletics, and the various societies, clubs and organizations. I am going to tell you about a few of them.

Student government is developed about as far at Ohio Wesleyan as at any college in the country. The entire student body elects a President, who takes charge of all student meetings and confers with the "powers that be" on matters of common interest. The student body has legislative functions, and the Honor Court is the judicial body which attends to all violations of the Honor Code.

A student government plan that everybody likes is the Budget System, whereby a fee of \$6.00 per semester is paid into a general fund which entitles every one to admission to all games and debates, and provides for payment of bills in case of illness. The plan is much cheaper in the long run and, in addition, promotes better attendance at games.

Today on the big bulletin board in the corridor of Gray Chapel is a humorous figure in gorgeous colors announcing a play to be given by the Histrionic Club. The players are trained in the Department of Oratory, and the popular plays the club puts on each year are often said to rival those of professional companies. There are clubs enough here for everybody. There is the Science Club, the English Writers' Club, the Histrionic Club, the Cercle Francais, the Spanish Club, the Philosophical Club, the Oxford Club for prospective ministers. The three honorary fraternities, Delta Sigma Rho, Gamma Phi and Pi Delta Epsilon, are organized to keep up the standard of oratory, gymnastics and journalism respectively.

From what I have told you, I guess you know that Ohio Wesleyan is somewhat of a musical school. There is a men's Glee Club that gives entertainments in Ohio and neighboring states during vacations and week-ends. This Glee Club, in competition with the clubs of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, was selected by the United States government for a trip to the Panama





Canal Zone in the summer of 1921. The Choral Club, a similar organization among the women, gives an annual concert in Gray Chapel. The Varsity male quartet also makes long tours, and during the summer has sometimes been booked for Chautauqua Circuits. Membership is competitive, and weekly

training is given by a member of the faculty of the School of Music.

The Volunteer Band, made up of prospective missionaries, is the second largest in the world. John R. Mott says that we send out more missionaries than any other American co-educational school, and yet only one-tenth of our students are preparing for religious work. In Asia four colleges, enrolling over 2000, are the result of Ohio Wesleyan activity. Each year all of us "get in the game" a little bit by contributing toward some work in the foreign field.

In Methodism, Ohio Wesleyan has become known as the "Mother of Bishops." And, just think, more than thirty of her alumni have served as College Presidents. From her leadership in church and college activities, you can see that the moral atmosphere gives a student every chance to develop Christian ideals and a clean character.

The development of a sound body is emphasized just as strongly, too. A physical examination is given to every student, so that corrective exercises may be recommended if necessary. Besides gymnastic work there are athletic facilities enough for everybody. The attempt is not simply to develop a few stars, but to provide recreation for every student. The gymnasium in the winter, and the athletic fields at all other times, are about the busiest places you could find.

The gymnasium contains three basketball courts. The main floor is long enough for the regulation 40-yard dash, for which it is used, as well as for the hurdle races and the field events, in the indoor meets. The running track on the gallery above, is one of the largest in the state.

It does a fellow good to go down to the swimming pool in the basement for a plunge every now and then. The pool is a large one, and the filtration system keeps the water clean and inviting all the time. The basement is fitted up with locker rooms for visiting teams, baseball and handball courts, and rubbing rooms where Varsity men get their "rub-down" during training season. On the main floor are lockers and shower baths enough for everybody.

From the east window of the main floor, we can look out on the covered grandstand of the Athletic field, just a few feet away. A hundred-yard straight-away stretches in front of the grandstand, and a quarter-mile track circles the football and baseball fields. At the other end may be seen the tennis courts, which are constantly in use when weather permits.

In the Director's office are trophies of many athletic victories. Did you know that the first game of intercollegiate football in Ohio was played between Wesleyan and Ohio State in 1892, and won by the former? We also won the first college soccer game in Ohio in 1914 and the first swimming match in 1917, Ohio State being the loser in each case.

Among the trophies are the pictures of four teams which have won State football championships and of three basketball champions. In basketball, in recent years, the Red and Black has broken even with Ohio State, now a member of the Western Conference. Five championship baseball teams are found between 1892 and 1917. Besides having won the state relay championship three times in four years, Wesleyan holds the state records in two events. She also won her class race in the mile relay at the 1913 U. of P. International Intercollegiate Meet in Philadelphia.

Yesterday I stopped at the up-town office of the Ohio Wesleyan Transcript to find out how I could earn a place on its staff. The paper is an eight-page weekly, with an office fitted up as nearly as possible like a big city daily. On the two days each week before publication, it has all the noisy bustle of its larger contemporaries. All the vacancies are filled by competition, popularity and favoritism having no weight with the Board of Control. The training is splendidly practical, for the staff does everything from getting the ads to writing "heads" and "making up."

In the spring I will have to send you a copy of *Le Bijou*, the college annual that is published by a staff elected by the Junior Class. It is a big book full of pictures and descriptions of all kinds of college life, and there will be several pictures of me in different organizations.

As you know, I have been pledged to one of the fra-





ternities at Ohio Wesleyan. There are eleven national fraternities here besides the Ohio Wesleyan Union, Kappa Sigma Pi and the Commons Club. Each of these organizations has its own house where its members live during the four years of college life. About half the men in the student body belong to the fraternities. Membership is not valued so much as a distinction as for the companionship and social life it brings. As far as popularity and the securing of college offices are concerned, there isn't much difference between fraternity and non-fraternity men. Democracy is the key note of the success of fraternity life here.

Of course, I can't be initiated until I have passed one semester of college work. I am just a "prep" now and have to pay attention to the orders of the upper classmen. However, I don't object to that, for the helpful advice I get from the upper classmen about my studies, etc., means a lot to me.

I wish I could show you over our house and point out the trophies we have won in the past, and the pictures of the men of national prominence—brothers who used to be in the same place where I am now. Of course, Sis, you couldn't realize just what it means to me, but when our little circle gathers around the grate fire in the "den" to sing or have a quiet talk, a fellow feels something inside, sort of a thrill, for he realizes that his companionship is going to be one of the big things of his college days.

But you must not get the idea that all of Ohio Wesleyan's social life centers around the fraternities, for besides the Ohio Wesleyan Union,

Kappa Sigma Pi and the Commons Club, the rest of the men of the college are organized more or less loosely into boarding clubs. Dinner parties are sometimes given by the clubs which are also usually represented in athletics by very good baseball and basketball teams.

To try to excel in one "outside" activity, and to give loyal support to the others when possible, is the advice of the faculty members to whom I have talked. That is the plan I want to follow, that I may get the most out of college life.

Lovingly,

JACK.

Homecoming Day and the Last Game

DEAR TOM:

I am mighty sorry you could not come up to Delaware over Homecoming Day. There are certain days of college life that stand out more than others, and this was one of them. I have begun to see that there is more to a college education than what we learn out of the text books, and I can see why folks who have once attended Ohio Wesleyan like to come back just as often as they can find the time.

Invitations were sent out to all the Alumni several weeks ago, setting the homecoming on the day of the last football game. The program that was arranged was enough to tempt the busiest of them to leave pressing affairs to return to the old school for the week-end.

I want to tell you first about our parade, because I was in it—almost every other student, was, too, for that matter. You see, the committee gave a prize to the organization with the best float in the procession. Our class certainly had a dandy, on which we had worked all Friday afternoon. Though we didn't win the prize, the girl that sits next to me in English says she thinks ours was really the cleverest one of all. (There are some mighty fine girls here, Tom, after a fellow gets time to get acquainted.)

Homecoming is also a meeting time for the "W" Association, composed of every man who has won his letter in college athletics at Ohio Wesleyan. Every "W" man is a live booster for Varsity activities, some of them coming back during the year to help





coach the teams. A prime spirit in the "W" Association is Branch Rickey, '04 President of the St. Louis Nationals. He is scheduled to speak tonight at the bonfire at Monnett Hall. Every athlete must feel especially proud that he fought Ohio Wesleyan's battles, for the University presents each "W" man with a gold medal, which is a permanent pass to every college contest he may desire to attend.

I wish you could have seen that game. Autos were packed hub to hub near the entrance. The crisp, autumn air put a zest for the game in everybody's veins, and kept unfurled the big Varsity

pennant, hanging from the lofty flag pole, just beneath Old Glory. Gala bunting set off the goal-posts on the field, and flashed here and there in the big crowd that filled the grandstand and overflowed the temporary bleachers.

When the cheer-leader called for a "regular yell," the answer showed that the old grads hadn't lost their rooting ability. Then the Red and Black team swung onto the field, their entrance bringing everybody to their feet. It was the last Varsity game for the three Seniors—veterans of the team. As the cheer-leader called their names again and again, we were glad to pay this tribute to the fellows who had fought our battles so often and so well.

The game was a decisive one, for Ohio Wesleyan usually picks out her strongest rival for the homecoming game. The season hadn't brought all victories, Tom, but every game was a struggle, in which our team gave a good account of itself. Sometimes the last game decides Ohio Wesleyan's claim to the State championship, and you can imagine how tense the interest is then.

Ohio Wesleyan teams are taught to fight hard and play fair, in keeping with the modern trend of athletics in most colleges. The spirit of fair play is manifested in the quiet that is observed in the stand while the visiting team is calling its signals.

One thing that adds a great deal to the game is the University Band. I wish I could play in the band, for it surely knows how to play "regular



music." Every member, excluding the leader, is an undergraduate. Every musical instrument that could be used is found there; the University furnishes instruction and some of the instruments; the Athletic Association sees that the band is not only admitted to home games but is often taken along to neighboring colleges.

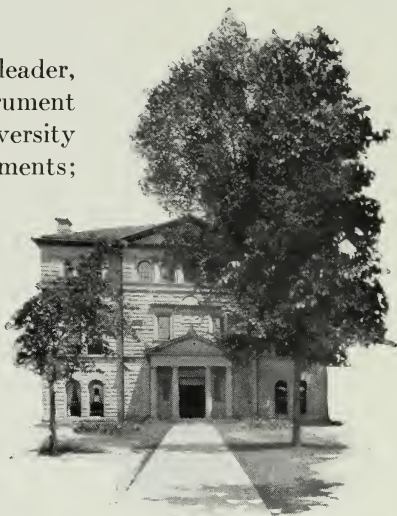
All I can tell you about the game is that we won, and that it was announced there would be a "celebration at Monnett at seven o'clock." Even when the home coming game is not a victory the occasion would not be complete without a celebration, for true sportsmen can take pride in a game well played, even though lost.

The celebration was almost the best part of the day. Monnett Hall, the home of the girls, is about a fifteen minute walk from the main campus. After a hasty bite of lunch, I hurried down town and helped prepare for the bonfire. Three or four wagons rumbled mysteriously out of as many alleys and were soon piled high with boxes and barrels, for the visible supply of firewood had been estimated and located for some time back. The leader for the evening was perched insecurely upon one of the loads, giving orders to us who had volunteered to pull the wagons.

A running start carried us up the slope of the hill and almost before

the wagons were backed into place they were unloaded and a match applied. The band had been straggling along as fast as it could follow, playing something to the effect that "The Gang's All Here." Now they struck an impromptu air, the blaze lighted up the scene and I found myself on the inside of a jolly, surging circle, which was kept by the glow of the bonfire at a respectful distance.

The yell-leader, upon a rickety box, called for a few yells to start the ball rolling. You can imagine that we made ourselves heard in cheering the men who won the game. Then each one of them was called into the lime light for a short, snappy speech. There was an indescribable feeling of loyalty and pride in the voices of those heroes who were the center of the jollification. I wonder if I will ever stand in their place and





experience that sensation! Between songs, "Prexy" and the coaches were called upon and, with several noted Alumni, added just the right touch to the oc-

casion. From their vantage points on the big porch, the steps and surrounding windows, the girls

started singing some of their songs. With the dying out of the bonfire, and the realization that almost an hour had passed, we made our retreat in the form of an old fashioned snake-dance.

Occasions like this are the kind that stick in one's memory, Tom. Some day I hope homecoming will mean as much to me as it did to those Alumni.

Your Chum,

JACK.

Old Monnett

DEAR SIS:

Did you know that Monnett Hall was the second largest girl's dormitory in the country? The girl that sits next to me in English class was telling me about the good times they have up there, while we were taking a walk out to Greenwood Lake. The time went so fast we had to take one of those famous one-man street cars to get her back in time for dinner. When she invited me up later to see the place for myself I accepted the invitation, for I knew you would enjoy hearing about it.

Monnett Hall is a home for over three hundred of the girls, while many others live "out in town" at the various cottages, as they are called. You can imagine that much Ohio Wesleyan life centers in historic old Monnett.

My first impression of the long, irregular brick building was at the bonfire celebration, when I could merely make out its dim shadowy outlines, with its multitude of blazing windows, the white porch crowded with girls whose faces were glowing in the fire-light. By day-light the romantic old "Sem" presents an even prettier sight, festooned with ivy and shadowed by tall oaks and maples, growing as Nature planted them.

As you approach the campus, you see on the right Lyon Hall, with its round, gray stone tower. It contains the School of Fine Arts, in which, besides regular courses in drawing and painting, a special study is made of home decoration. The rear of the building contains the new laboratories for the courses in Home Economics. On your left is Sanborn Hall, a model of classical beauty, within and without. It is the home of the School of Music.

My guide said:

"You should see the campus on Monnett Day, when the girls form one long white procession, winding among the trees to the music of the 'Spring Song.' Then comes the crowning of the May Queen, the fantastic festive dances, the pageant, the play and the May-pole. As we stand here at the front gate, can you not imagine all the color and gayety of that day?"

As we followed the broad walk from the gate to Monnett porch, we passed thru tangles of girls, bidding adieu to the escorts who had so thoughtfully carried their books from the campus. Entering the main corridor, we found on the left the office of the Dean of Women. From what I have learned, in former days, it was the door of awe and mystery, behind which many an unhappy culprit faced her trial for some misdemeanor, and heard her sentence. Now the Dean acts more as friendly adviser and a court of last resort, for under the regime of student government, the girls make their own laws and fix their own punishments.

In describing the system, my protectress said:

"A committee of undergraduates, elected from each class with a Senior for presiding officer, is the chief means of preserving order among the girls in Monnett Hall and the larger cottages in town. Each corridor in the Hall and each cottage elects a Proctor, whose business is to see that we are in our rooms by nine-thirty and turn our lights out by ten. Seniors and Juniors have what we call



two 'nights out' a week, and Sophomores have one, but everybody has to register where she is going, in the little black student government book that lies on the hall table. Of course, every



one is permitted to attend all college affairs, unless she is 'on probation' for abuse of privileges. Aside from the fact

that we get into trouble if we attempt to ignore these more or less simple rules, college spirit demands that this organization have the loyal support of every girl in college."

We walked along the main corridor, the walls of which were hung with photographs of the world's great pictures, and passed the big parlor, where were some all-absorbed couples whom we didn't seem to disturb in the least. A little farther along was the room of the Y. W. C. A., whose members give the new girls a cordial welcome and introduce them in their new home. As practically every Monnett girl belongs, you would be interested in what she told me about this organization. She continued:

"This Association is the conservator of the idealism of fine living and high thinking among the girls. How I wish you could go with me to one of the Wednesday night meetings where a couple of hundred girls come reverently for worship in the soft evening twilight, and talk over together in one big family all the things that concern our college activities. From the minute the new girl enters the college circle, she feels this protecting Christian atmosphere. The Association not only gives inspiration for

finer living, but also, thru its various committees, affords opportunity for practical Christian service. The Association publishes the college calendar, and from the proceeds sends eighteen or twenty girls to the big summer conferences at Eagles Mere, where, along with girls from eighty other colleges, they spend the most profitable and delightful two weeks imaginable.

"Further on we enter the loggia, an exquisite nook where some of our art treasures are kept. There, too, is the silver cup which was given to the girls for a basketball trophy. Upon it are engraved the names of the victorious classes in that most exciting event, the girls' annual basketball tournament. On this occasion each class presents its team and mascot in picturesque parade, and some stunt vibrant with the spice of college life. They put almost as much effort into outsinging and outyelling each other as into winning the games."

Tennis is also a popular game at Monnett. Then you know there are regular classes in physical instruction, both outdoor sports and the teaching of games for playground work, and in the gymnasium, where there is training in wand and dumbbell and club work, with emphasis on folk-dancing.

I was also conducted upstairs, and got to see the famous literary society halls, which are decorated in artistic style. The girls have two societies, each bearing noble history. A charter member of the oldest society was Miss Lucy Webb, the first student in the old Female Academy, and later to be the wife of President Rutherford B. Hayes. A handsome full-length mirror in the main corridor downstairs was presented to Monnett by Mrs. Hayes while she was mistress of the White House. On the third floor is the big study hall containing a generous portion of the college library, and a long table which bespoke many quiet and profitable hours of study.

I wish you could have seen one of their cozy suites, Sis, with its gay pennants and pictures and cushions. Its very atmosphere would make you think of jolly songs and sumptuous feeds, and masquerade



parties of every kind. On Hallowe'en the whole house has a masquerade—a ghost party down in the dim, spooky, interminable basement.

Then I heard the bell ringing below for dinner, and we had to hurry lest my accommodating friend should be late. I never saw such a flock of girls. They fairly overflowed those stairways and corridors until I felt very much overwhelmed in their midst.

"More than three hundred of us," my companion said, "sit down together in this big dining room every day. One of our most memorable occasions is the breakfast on Easter morning, when we come from the sunrise prayer meeting, all in white, two by two, into the dining-room. The tables are gay with ferns and daffodils and at each plate is a card of greeting from the Y. W. C. A.

"And what Monnett girl would ever forget those fraternity serenades? They generally occur on certain state occasions when Alumni with vocal reputations to sustain are guests of their chapter, but the most delicious sound is that of the 'surprise serenade' as the opening strains of the marching songs float in the darkened windows and down the hushed proctor-guarded corridors. Beginning at the northeast corner of Monnett campus the groups stop at certain favored sections or cluster in the rear court for the main program. Every fraternity has its 'sisters' at Monnett, and then there is the 'special girl' who knows that some member in that group is singing directly to her, and candles twinkle in answer from their windows.

"I wish I had time to take you all over the house to see the girls as they live—making fudge in the 'curling room,' ironing party dresses on the coffin box, trimming hats and crocheting lace, all between quizzes and themes and collateral. Then you would see the primary purpose of Monnett Hall and its activities is the making of friendships that will be an inspiration all our lives."

She invited me to stay for dinner, too—and maybe someday I will get up enough nerve to accept. Every man who attends





Ohio Wesleyan likes to say he has eaten at least one meal at Monnett—and those who have been there say the odds of three hundred to one are not nearly so disastrous as one would expect.

She also is going to invite you up some time, Sis, to visit her, so you can see all these things for yourself and decide if Ohio Wesleyan will some day be your school and Monnet Hall your home. I know you will like her, too, because—well, that's another story which you will understand when you see her.

Lovingly, JACK.

Commencement Days

DEAR DAD:

It was mighty nice of you to suggest that I stay over for commencement week, for it was both a pleasure and an inspiration to be in Delaware for the eventful pre-commencement days. To show my appreciation, I am going to tell you all about it.

June skies and Delaware foliage smiled kindly on Commencement week. From every train poured a stream of the older graduates, as well as the families of the lucky ones about to receive their diplomas. The flash of pretty summer dresses set off the somberness of the stately cap-and-gown of that all-important and all-absorbed individual—the Senior.

Almost a week is given over to Commencement functions, which really begin on Saturday with the Art and Music Exhibits. After Baccalaureate Sunday, the three remaining days follow as Undergraduate day, Alumni Day and Commencement Day.

You ought to have been here on Undergraduate day, Monday, for Recognition Chapel, the last chapel of the year. That is when undergraduates, Alumni and friends are listening breathlessly to hear who won the various honors that are to be announced. Many a surprise was sprung as the list was read of the envied Phi Beta Kappa candidates—by excellence in scholarship they had won the right to wear the key of this most ancient of fraternities, which is established in eighty-nine leading American colleges.

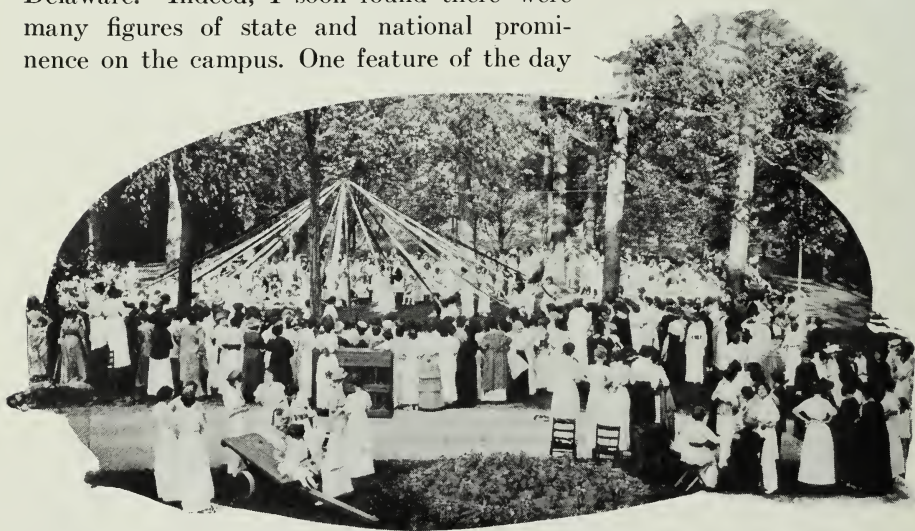
Prizes and scholarships for merit in various fields were announced and there was a steady stream of victors called to the platform to receive the laurels they had won—maybe a medal for a victory in the “Big Six” the all-Ohio Track Meet, or a cup won in an oratorical contest. But I guess none of them were any prouder than I was, Dad, when



I walked down to the front to get the medal that I earned in the inter-class track meet. It is in the form of a watch-charm. When you see me next you'll notice how classy it looks on my watch chain. I also got my “class numerals” as they are called, for membership on the class football team. Next year I am determined to make the Varsity team, and then I will be among that little bunch of “W” men who are awarded the official monogram.

In the afternoon they had the class day exercises and the Alumni baseball game, followed by the Shakespearian play and the Literary Society receptions in the evening.

Tuesday was Alumni day. Some of the folks lined up for the Alumni procession from Gray Chapel to the Gymnasium had a familiar look, despite the absence of their usual dignity, which they never bring to Delaware. Indeed, I soon found there were many figures of state and national prominence on the campus. One feature of the day





was the meeting of the various Quinquennial classes. You know each class has a special reunion every five years, which every member tries to attend. I saw little knots of the older graduates—gray-haired, but animated with youthful memories, as they grouped themselves around some spot on the campus that had a part in some story of other days.

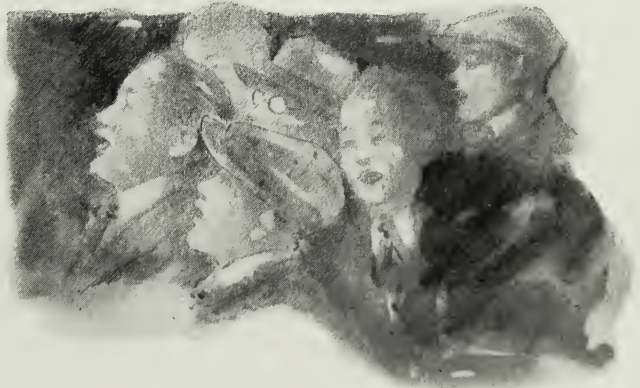
At Ohio Wesleyan we are all proud of the Alumni, who have taken places of leadership in almost every activity all over the world. According to figures published in "School and Society," Ohio Wesleyan ranks eighth among American colleges in the number of Alumni appearing in "Who's Who," although one of the three youngest among the leading twenty-seven colleges. Only one other Ohio college, ranking ninth, is included in the first group.

Out of the four thousand biographies in "Who's Who in Ohio," 209 are claimed by Ohio Wesleyan—more than one in twenty. That record is probably not surpassed by any other college.

Of course Commencement, on Wednesday morning, was the climax of it all. I shall not soon forget the impressiveness of that ceremony, Dad. The immense crowd that overflowed Gray Chapel and the Annex adjoining, was hushed as the organ sounded the first notes of the processional. The vacant center section, marked off by protecting streamers of red, filled us with expectations which were realized as the stately procession entered the doors. First of all came the trustees and faculty, in the reverse order of their rank. The rich academic colors on the hoods of some of these professors—purple, gold, carmine, yellow, blue—rivalled a king's ermine by their brilliance. Following the faculty came the graduates, wearing the plain black gowns of the bachelor's degree.

The commencement address is always delivered by a speaker of national prominence. But it was the parting address of the President to the graduates that sent them forth with a new vision of service, and a desire to live up fully to the ideals of their Alma Mater.

As the sheepskins were awarded, Dad, I tried to imagine the conflicting emotions of those who stood at this stepping stone in



life where but few are privileged to stand. I could see there was pride in the triumph over difficulties which that diploma represented. Graduation means all the more to a fellow who has to struggle to gain it. I found, by the way, that many of those whose names appeared most frequently with commencement honors, were men who had earned every cent of their college expenses.

Many folks wonder if it is really possible to work one's way through college. I know that here, as in many other schools, there is usually a way where there is a will. The University helps thru the Y. M. C. A. Secretary by conducting an employment bureau, and also by means of loans and scholarships. The "hustlers" will be found



making their way by every means, from cleaning furnaces, up through canvassing, to conducting business establishments of their own. The President of the Student Body a few years ago is said to have entered Ohio Wesleyan as a "prep" with a capital of fifty cents. A converted Russian Jew came to this country ten years ago, almost penniless. In sweat-shops in lumber camps, and finally by conducting a business of his own, he gained his entire education at Ohio Wesleyan, graduating a prominent member of his class.

You know that Ohio Wesleyan is noted for its democratic spirit. Snobbishness does not thrive where one asks, "What can he do?" instead of "Who is he?"

Then there is something else, Dad, that is instilled in the heart of every Ohio Wesleyan graduate. It is the determination to "make good," by making the most of the opportunity that college has provided. Figures from "Who's Who" and elsewhere show that the college man has 323 chances to render distinguished service, to everyone of the non-college men. And Ohio Wesleyan statistics show that almost every one of her living graduates is favorably accounted for in the great fields of business,

education, religion, law, medicine, military service, journalism, engineering, politics, agriculture and "home-making."

Along with these emotions is sure to come also a sense of regret at breaking the ties and associations that four such years can weave closely around the heart. Incredibly short the time seems from a fellow's advent as an eager and inquisitive Freshman until today, when he must crowd the souvenirs of college achievement in that once-roomy trunk, and take his parting look at the old campus and the familiar scenes that are always to remain a vivid part of his life.

Here's hoping that I can live up to those same ideals, Dad, that Ohio Wesleyan has always placed before her sons and daughters!

Your loving son,

JACK.





An Appreciation

It seems to me, when I think of the colleges of the land, that there is but one test worth while. Education is a weapon, and, like all weapons, it requires something behind it to make it effective. Without driving force, it is useless. What should be the driving force behind the education of the modern man or woman?

There seems but one answer. However valuable a weapon may be in hands of the guardian of law and order, it becomes a menace measured only by its capacity to injure in the hands of the criminal. The difference is in the motive with which it is used.

Motives are results of character. The right character always has a correct motive. So it seems to me that the object of the higher education should be fully as much the development of the right kind of character as it should be the implanting of the thirst for knowledge.

It is far less difficult to teach a scientific subject than it is to teach character. A man may know much about any of the sciences or arts, and still fail to implant with the knowledge of them the right kind of character, for character is taught by character. It is not consciously implanted as geometry may be; it is the reflection of the life of the teacher.

It has been my privilege to come in contact with Ohio Wesleyan, to know the members of its faculty and to have part in the activities of

its student body. I have watched the young people who are attending this school, and I have noted their development along three lines that are not set down in the curriculum.

First is a true democracy, resulting in a fellowship founded on what a student is. Of course people of varying position go to any large college. In many of them they find a line of cleavage that separates, and it is perhaps right that there should be a separation, into circles, although at times grave danger occurs from this. Yet, it is human nature to select one's own friends. That, however, does not mean the development of a spirit of social snobbishness, and I congratulate Ohio Wesleyan on the true democracy that prevails among its students, on the cordial reception of the young man or young woman for what he or she is, and not for the accident of birth or the environment of wealth and power.

And the second thing I have noticed is the development of correct thinking in relation to others. Perhaps this is a part of democracy, perhaps an offspring from it, but the spirit of Ohio Wesleyan is friendliness, and as the University exercises its influence over its student body, this spirit of friendliness develops into a spirit of service. The cry of the age is for men who will serve—men who have the power to be of real service—and Ohio Wesleyan has turned out more than her share of those who serve in various capacities for the welfare of mankind.

And then the third quality that I have noticed is the spirit of studiousness. There is a right balance between the delightful social life of the campus, the pleasures and amusements that go hand in hand with youth, and the seriousness of the work in hand. The directors of Ohio Wesleyan are to be congratulated upon the spirit that has been developed in this respect. Without carrying the habit of study to the point of danger for health or balance in the world, nevertheless the student body has been impressed with the seriousness of its undertaking, and study is the rule.

These things seem to the writer to be the essentials of greatness in life, and because they are emphasized in Ohio Wesleyan's work, it is possible to felicitate the faculty upon its work in the development and building of true character.

A VISITOR.



Where will You spend Your College Days?

A booklet like this, at best, has its limitations. It should tell you of "Bun's" and "Tommy's"—time honored thirst-quenching institutions where "dates" may always be found after the concert. It should tell you of warmly contested election days, of fraternity initiations and February 22nd "stunts." But those are for you to enjoy for yourself, if you are fortunate enough to make Ohio Wesleyan your college home.

College life anywhere is a great privilege, but especially so in the medium-sized college, with its closer personal relations. It is largely this background of valued associations and traditions that has gained for Ohio Wesleyan her position of leadership in the middle west.

You are debating, perhaps, the problem of how best to prepare for your life work. A bulletin which the college issues shows how every professional education should be built on a liberal arts foundation. That broad, cultural training for life is what Ohio Wesleyan emphasizes most, and yet in addition she can offer work of recognized merit in Music, Art Oratory, Engineering, etc.

The choice of your future college is the most momentous problem which you are now facing. If you feel that the things you want to find in your college are a good faculty under an efficient administration, an equipment as good as that of most institutions of its size, a high moral atmosphere, loyal undergraduates and alumni, and a high standing in its intercollegiate relations, you will undoubtedly consider Ohio Wesleyan in choosing your future Alma Mater.

(Signed) A. W. MORRISON, 1915,

Ohio Wesleyan University.





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